

13

THE
MEMOIRS
OF
Monsieur Du Val;
CONTAINING THE
HISTORY
OF HIS
LIFE and DEATH.

Whereunto are annexed
His last Speech and Epitaph.

Si quis *Opprobriis dignos latraverit, integer ipse,*
Solventur risu tabulae.

Horat.

DUBLIN,

Reprinted by *Benjamin Tooke*, Printer to the King's most
Excellent Majesty, and are to be sold by
Samuel Dancer, in *Castlestreet*.

Y R O T E L

H A L L S T I

B 164 318 44



THE
L I F E and D E A T H
O F
Claude Du Vall.

Claude Du Vall was born Anno. 1643. at *Domfront* in *Normandy*, a place very famous for the excellency and healthfulness of the Air, and for the production of Mercurial wits: At the time of his birth (as we have since found by rectification of his nativity by accidents) there was a conjunction of *Venus* and *Mercury*, certain presages of very good fortune, but of a short continuance. His Father was *Pierre Du Vall* a Miller, his Mother *Marguerite De la Roche* a Taylors Daughter. I hear no hurt of his Parents, they lived in as much reputation and honesty, as their conditions and occupations would permit.

There are some that confidently averr he was born in Smock-ally without Bishopsgate, that his Father was a Cook, and sold boyld beef and porrage: But this report is as false as it is defamatory and malicious, and 'tis easie to disprove it several waies, I will only urge one demonstrative argument against it. If he had been born there he had been no Frenchman, but if he had not been a Frenchman, 'tis absolutely impossible he should have been so much beloved in his life, and lamented at his death by the English Ladies.

His father and mother had not been long married when *Marguerite* long'd for pudding and mince pye, which the good man was fain to beg for her at an English Merchants in *Rouen*, which was a certain sign of his inclination to *England*. They were very merry at his christning, and his father without any grumbling paid also then the fees for

his burial, which is an extraordinary custom at *Domfront*, not exercis'd any where else in all *France*, and of which I count my self oblig'd to give the Reader a particular account.

In the dayes of *Charles* the ninth of that name, the Curate of *Domfront* (for so the French name him whom we call Parson and Vicar) out of his own head began a strange innovation and oppression in that Parish; that is, he absolutely denied to baptize any of their children, if they would not at the same time pay him also the funeral fees, and what was worse, he would give them no reason for this alteration, but only promised to enter bond for himself and his successors, that hereafter all persons paying so at their christning, should be buried *gratis*: What think ye the poor people did in this case? they did not pull his surplice over his ears, tear his Mass book, nor throw crickets at his head; no, they humbly desired him to alter his resolution, and amicably reason'd with him; but he being a capricious fellow, gave them no other answer, but, What I have done, I have done, take your remedy where you can find it, 'tis not for men of my coat to give an account of my actions to the Laity. Which was a surly and quarrellsome answer, and unbecoming a Priest. Yet this did not provoke his Parishioners to speak one ill word against his person or function, or do any illegal act. They only took the Regular way of complaining of him to his ordinary, the Archbishop of *Rouen*. Upon summons he appears, the Archbishop takes him up roundly, tells him he deserves deprivation, if that can be proved which is objected against him. And asks him what he has to say for himself? After his due reverence, he answers, that he acknowledges the fact, to save the time of examining witnesses, but desires his Grace to hear his reasons, and then do unto him as he shall see cause. I have been, sayes he, Curate of this Parish these seven years in that time I have one year with another baptized an hundred children, and buried not one. At first I rejoyced at my good fortune to be placed in so good an air: But looking into the Register book I found for an hundred years back near the same number yearly baptized, and not one above five year old buried. And which did more amaze me I find the number of the Communicants to be no greater now than they were then: this seem'd to me a great mystery, but upon further inquiry I found out the true cause of it, for all that were born at *Domfront* were hanged at *Rouen*. I did this to keep my Parishioners from hanging, encouraging them to die at home, the burial duties being already paid.

The Archbishop demanded of the Parishioners whether this was true
or

or not? they answered that too many of them came to that unlucky end at *Rouen*. Well then said he, I approve of what the Curate has done, and will cause my Secretary in *Perpetuam rei memoriam* to make an Act of it, which Act the Curate carried home with him, and the Parish cheerfully submitted to it, and have found much good by it; for within less then twenty years there died fifteen of natural deaths, and now there die three or four yearly.

* But to return to *Du Vall*, 'twill not I hope be expected that I should in a true History, play the Romancer, and describe all his actions from his Cradle to his Saddle, telling what childish sports he was best at, and who were his play fellows, that were enough to make the truth of the whole narration suspected, only one important accident I ought not to omit.

An old Fryer counted very expert in Physiognomy and judicial Astrology, came on a time to see old *Du Vall* and his Wife, (for so we call him to distinguish him from his Son) they had then by extraordinary good fortune some Norman Wine, that is Cider in their house, of which they were very liberal to this old Frier, whom they made heartily welcom, thinking nothing too good for him.

For those silly people, who know no better, count it a great honour and favour, when any religious person, as Priest or Frier are pleas'd to give them a visit, and to eat and drink with them. As these three were sitting by the fire, and chirping over their cups, in comes *Claud*, and broke the Friars draught, who fix'd his eyes attentively upon him, without speaking one word for the space of half an hour, to the amazement of *Claudes* parents, who seeing the Frier neither speak nor drink imagined he was sick, and courteously ask't him, Brother what ails ye? are ye not well? why do you so look upon our Son? The Frier having rous'd him self out of his Extasie: is that stripling saies he your Son? to which after they had replyed yes, come hither boy quoth he, and looking upon his head, he perceived he had two Crowns, a certain sign that he should be a Travellour. This child saies he will be a Travellour, and he shall never, during his life, be long without money; and where ever he goes, he will be in the extraordinary favour with Women of the highest condition. Now from this story the certainty of Physiognomy and Judicial Astrology is evidently proved, so that from hence forward who ever shall presume to deny it, ought not to be esteemed a person in his right wits.

Piere and *Marguerite* look't upon the Frier as an Oracle, and mightily rejoyced at their Sons fortune; but it could not enter into their imagination

imagination how this should come to pass, having nothing to leave him as a foundation to build so great a Structure upon.

The Boy grew up and spoke the language of the Country fluently, which is Lawyers French, and which (if I should not offend the Ladies in comparing our Language with theirs) is as much inferiour to that at *Paris*, as *Devonshire* or *Somersetshire* English to that spoken at *Whitehall*.

I speak not this to disgrace him, for could he have spoke never so good French, it is not in such high esteem there as it is here; and it very rarely happens that upon that account alone, any great mans Daughter runs away with a *Lacquey*.

When he was about thirteen or fourteen years old, his friends mustered their forces together to set him up in the world, they bought him shoes and stockings; for (according to the laudable custom of that country of inuring their youth to hardship) till then he had never worn any, they also bought him a Suit of the Brokers, gaue him their blessing and twenty *Sous* in his pocket, and threw an old shooe after him, and bid him go seek his fortune: This throwing of an old shooe after him was looked upon as a great piece of prodigality in *Normandy*, where they are so considerable a merchandize; the Citizens wives of the best quality, wearing old shooes chalked, whence I suppose our custom of wearing white shooes derives its original.

His friends advised him to go to *Paris*, assuring him he would not fail of a condition there, if any could be had in the world; for so the French call *Paris*. He goes to *Rouen* and fortunately meets with post horses which were to be returned, one of which he was proffer'd to ride *gratis* only upon promise to help to dress them at night. And which was yet more fortunate he meets several young English Gentlemen with their Governours going to *Paris*, to learn their Exercises to fit them to go a woing at their return home, who were infinitely ambitious of his company, not doubting but in those two dayes travels they should pump many considerable things out of him, both as to the Language and Customs of *France*, and upon that account they did very willingly defray his charges.

They arrive at *Paris* and light in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*, the quarter wherein generally the English lodge, near whom also our *Du Vall* did earnestly desire to plant himself. Not long after by the intercession of some of the English Gentlemen (for in this time he had indear'd himself to them) he was admitted to run on errants, and do the meanest offices at the *St. Esprit* in the *Rue de Boucherie*. A house in those daies betwixt a Tavern, an Ale-house, a Cooks shop and a Bawdy

Bawdy house, and upon some of those accounts much frequented by the English his Patrons. In this condition he lived unblamably during some time, unless you esteem it a fault to be scabby, and a little given to filching qualities, very frequent in persons of his Nation and condition.

The Restauration of his Majesty, which was in 1666. brought multitudes of all Nations into England to be spectators of our Jubilee, but more particularly it drein'd Paris of all the English there, as being most concern'd in so great a happiness; one of them, a person of Quality, entertained Du Vall as his servant, and brought him over with him.

What fortunes he ran through afterwards, is known to every one, and how good a proficient he was in the laudable qualities of *Gaming* and *making Love*. But one Vice he had which I cannot pardon him, because 'tis not of the French growth, but Northern and ungenteele, I mean that of drinking; for that very night he was surpriz'd he was overtaken.

By these courses (for I dare not call them vices) he soon fell into want of money to maintain his port; That, and his Stars, but chiefly his own valour inclined him to take the generous way of Padding; in which he quickly became so famous, that in a Proclamation for the taking of several notorious Highway-men, he had the honour to be named first.

This is the place where I should set down several of his exploits, but I omit them, both as being well known, and because I cannot find in them more ingenuity than was practis'd before by *Hind* and *Hannum*, and several other meer English Thieves.

Yet, to do him right, one Story there is that favours of Gallantry, and I should not be an honest Historian if I should conceal it.

He with his Squadron overtakes a Coach which they had set over night, having intelligence of a booty of Four hundred pounds in it. In the Coach was a Knight, his Lady, and only one serving Maid, who perceiving five Horsemen making up to them, presently imagin'd that they were beset, and they were confirmed in this apprehension, by seeing them whisper to one another, and ride backwards and forwards. The Lady to shew she was not afraid, takes a Flageolet out of her pocket and plays; Du Vall takes the hint, plays also, and excellently well, upon a Flageolet of his own, and in this posture he rides up to the Coach side. Sir, sayes he to the person in the Coach, your Lady plays excellently, and I doubt not not but that she dances as well, will

you please to walk out of the Coach, and let me have the honour to dance one Corant with her upon the Heath. Sir, said the person in the Coach, I dare not deny any thing to one of your quality and good mind, you seem a Gentleman, and your request is very reasonable; Which said, the Lacquey opens the Boot, out comes the Knight, *Du Vall* leaps lightly off his Horse, and hands the Lady out of the Coach. They Danc'd, and here it was that *Du Vall* performed marvels; the best Master in *London*, except those that are French, not being able to shew such footing as he did in his great riding French Boots. The Dancing being over, he waits on the Lady to her Coach, as the Knight was going in, sayes *Du Vall* to him, Sir, you have forgot to pay the Musick: No, I have not, replies the Knight, and putting his hand under the seat of the Coach, pulls out a hundred pound in a bag, and delivers it to him: Which *Du Vall* took with a very good grace, and courteously answerd, Sir, You are liberal, and shall have no cause to repent your being so; this liberality of yours shall excuse the other Three hundred pounds, and giving him the Word, that if he met with any more of the Crew he might pass undisturb'd, he civilly takes his leave of him.

This story, I confess, justifies the great kindness the Ladies had for *Du Vall*; for in this, as in an Epitome, are contain'd all things that set off a man advantageously, and makes him appear, as the phrase is, *much a Gentleman*. First, here was Valour, that he and but four more durst assault a Knight, a Lady, a Waiting Gentlewoman, a Lacquey, a Groom that rid by to open the Gates, and the Coachman, they being six to five, odds at *Foot-ball*; and besides *Du Vall* had much the worst cause, and reason to believe, that who ever should arrive, would range themselves on the Enemies party. Then he shewed his invention and sagacity that he could *Sur le Champ*, and without studying, make that advantage of the Ladies playing on the Flageolet. He evidenc'd his skill in instrumental Musick, by playing on his Flageolet; in Vocal by his singing; for (as I should have told you before) there being no Violins, *Du Vall* sung the Corant himself. He manifested his agility of body, by lightly dismounting off his horse, and with ease and freedom getting up again, when he took his leave, his excellent deportment, by his incomparable dancing, and his graceful manner of taking the hundred pound, his generosity in taking no more, his Wit and Eloquence, and readiness at *Reparties*, in the whole discourse with the Knight and Lady, the greatest part of which I have been forced to omit,

And

And here (could I dispence with truth and impartiality, necessary ingredients of a good Hisstory) I could come of with flying colours, leave *Du Vall* in the Ladies bosomes, and not my self out of a possibility of ever being in favour with any of them.

Bur I must tell the story of the *Sucking-Bottle*; which, if it seem to his disadvantage, set that other against it which I come from relating. The adventure of the *Sucking-bottle* was as follows.

It happened another time, as *Du Vall* was upon his Vocation of Robbing, on *Black-Heath*, he meets with a Coach richly fraught with Ladies of Quality, and with one Child who had a Silver *Sucking-bottle*, he robs them rudely, takes away their Money, Watches, Rings, and even the little Childs *Sucking-bottle*: Nor would upon the Childs tears, nor the Ladies earnest intercession, be wrought upon to restore it; till at last one of his Companions (whose name I wish I could put down here, that he may find friends when he shall stand in need of them) a good natured person (for the French are strangers both to the name and thing) forced him to deliver it. I shall make no reflections upon this story, both because I do not design to render him odious, or make this Pamphlet more prolix.

The noise of the Proclamation, and the Rewards promised to those who should take any therein named, made *Du Vall* retire to *France*. At *Paris* he lives highly, makes great boastings of the success of his Armes and Amours in *England*, proudly bragging, He could never encounter with any of either sex that could resist him. He had not been long in *France*, but he had a fit of his old disease, Want of Money, which he found to be much augmented by the thin air of *France*; and therefore by the advice of his Physicians, lest the disease should seize upon his vitals, and make him lye by it, he resolves to transport himself into *England*; which accordingly he did: For, in truth, the air of *France* is not good for persons of his constitution, it being the custom there to travel in great Companies well armed, and with little money; the danger of being resisted, and the danger of being taken is much greater there; and the Quarry much lesse than in *England*; for if by chance a Dapper Fellow with fine *Black eyes*, and a *white Peruke*, be taken there, and found guilty of Robbing, all the Women in the Town don't presently take the alarm and run to the King to beg his life.

To *England* he comes, but alas his Reign proves but short, for within few months after his return, before he had done any thing of great glory or advantage to himself he fell into the hands of Justice,

being taken drunk at the Hole in the Wall in *Chandos Street*: and well it was for the Bailly and his men that he was drunk, otherwise they had tasted of his prowess; for he had in his pocket three pistols, one whereof would shoot twice, and by his side an Excellent Sword, which managed by such a hand and heart must without doubt have done wonders. Nay, I have heard it attested by those that knew how good a Marks man he was, and his excellent way of Fencing, that had he been sober 'twas impossible he could have kill'd less than ten. They farther add, upon their own knowledge he would have been cut as small as herbs for the Pot before he would have yielded to the Bailly of *Westminster*, that is to say, he would have died in the place; had not some Great person been sent to him to whom he might with Honour have delivered his Sword and himself. But taken he was, and that too a *bon Marché*, without the expence of blood or Treasurie committed to *Newgate*, Arraigned, Convicted, Condemned, and on Friday Jan. 21. Executed at *Tiburn* in the 27th. year of his Age (which number is made up of three times nine) and left behind him a sad instance of the irresistable influence of the Stars, and the fatality of Climacterical years.

There were a great company of Ladies, and thote not of the meanest degree, that visited him in prison, interceded for his pardon, and accompanied him to the Gallows; a Catalogue of whose names I have by me, nay, even of those who when they visited him, durst not pull off their Vizards for fear of shewing their eyes swoln, and their cheeks blubber'd with tears.

When I first put pen to paper, I was in great indignation, and fully resolved, nay, and I think I swore, that I would Print this Muster-role. But upon second thoughts and calmer considerations, I have alter'd my fierce resolution, partly because I would not do my Nation so great a disgrace, and especially that part of it to whom I am so intirely devoted. But principally because I hoped milder physick might cure them of this *French disease*, of this inordinate Appetite to *Mushromes*, of this Degenerous *deating* upon Strangers.

After he had hang'd a convenient time, he was cut down, and by persons well dress'd, carried into a Mourning Coach; and so conveyed to the *Tangier Tavern* in *St. Gile's*, where he lay in State all that night, the Room hung with black cloath, the Hearse cover'd with Scutcheons, eight wax Tapers burning, as many tall Gentlemen with long black Cloaks attending; *Mum* was the word, great silence expected from all that visited, for fear of disturbing this sleeping Lion: And this Ceremony had lasted much longer, had not one of the Judges

Judges (whose name I must not mention here least he should incur the displeasure of the Ladies) sent to disturb this Pageantry. But I dare set down a mark whereby you may guess at him, 'Tis one betwixt whom and the Highway-men theres little love lost, one who thought the *Filon* had honour enough done him, that he was not buried under the Gallows.

This Story of lying in State seem'd to me so improbable, and such an audacious *mockerie* of the Laws, that, till I had it again, and again from several Gentlemen who had the curiosity to see him, I durst not put it down here for fear of being accounted a notorious Lye. The night was stormy and rainy, as if the heavens had sympathiz'd with the Ladies, and *ecchoed* again their sighs, and *wept* over again their tears.

As they were undressing him, in order to his lying in State, one of his Friends put his hands in his pocket, and found therein the Speech which he intended to have made, written with a very fair hand; A Copy whereof I have with much cost and industry procured, and yet do freely make it publick, because I would not have any thing wanting in this Narration.

DU VALLS Speech.

I Should be very ingrateful (which amongst persons of honour is a greater crime than that for which I dye) should I not acknowledge my obligation to you fair English Ladies. I could not have hoped that a person of my Nation, birth, education and condition, could have had so many and powerful charms to captivate you all, and to tie you so firmly to my interest, that you have not abandon'd in *distress* or in *prison*, that you have accompanied me to this place of *Death*, of *Ignominious Death*.

From the experience of your true loves I speak it, nay, I know I speak your hearts, you could be content to dye with *me now*, and even *here*, could you be assured of enjoying your beloved Du Vall in the other world.

How mightily and generously have you rewarded my little services? Shall I ever forget that universal consternation amongst you when I

was taken, your frequent, your chargeable visits to me at Newgate, your shrieks, your swoonings when I was Condemned, your zealous intercession and importunity for my pardon?

You could not have erected fairer pillars of honour and respect to me, had I been a *Hercules*, and could have got fifty sons in a night.

It has been the misfortune of several English Gentlemen in the times of the late Usurpation to die at this place upon the Honourablest occasion that ever presented its self, the endeavouring to restore their Exil'd Sovereign: Gentlemen indeed, who had ventured their lives, and lost their Estates in the service of their Prince; but they all died unlamented and uninterceded for, because they were English. How much greater therefore is my obligation, whom you love better than your own Country men, better than your own dear Husbands? Nevertheless Ladies it does not grieve me that your intercession for my life prov'd ineffectual; For now I shall dye with little pain, a healthful body, and I hope a prepared mind. For my Confessor has shewed me the evill of thy way, and wrought in me a true repentance, witness these tears, these unfeigned tears. Had you prevail'd for my life, I must in gratitude have devoted it wholly to you, which yet would have been but short, for had you been sound I should have soon dyed of a Consumption, if otherwise of the P O X.

He was buried with many *Flambeaux*, and a numerous train of Mourners, most whereof were of the beautifull Sex: He lies in the middle Ile in *Covent-Garden Church* under a plain white marble stone, whereon are curiously engrav'd the *Du Valls Arms*, and under them written in black this Epitaph.

D U V A L L S Epitaph.

Here lies Du Vall: Reader if Male, thou art,
 Look to thy purse; if Female, to thy Heart.
 Much havoc he made of both: For all
 Men he made stand, and Women he made fall.
 The Second Conquerour of the Norman Race,
 Knights to his Arms did yield, and Ladies to his Face:
 Old Tiburns Glory, Englands Illustrious Thief,
 Du Vall the Ladies Joy, Du Vall the Ladies Grief.

The Authors Apology why he conceals his Name.

SOME there are without doubt, that will look upon this harmless Pamphlet as a Libell, and investive Satyre; because the Author has not put his Name to it. But the Book-sellers printing his true name, and place of abode, wipes of that objection.

But if any person be, yet so curious as to inquire after me, I can assure him I have conjured the Stationer not to declare my Name so much as to his own Wife: not that I am ashamed of the design, no, I glory in it, nor much of the manner of writing, for I have seen books with the Authors names to them not much better written; neither do I fear I should be proud if the book takes, and crest-faln if it should not, I am not a person, of such a tender constitution. *Valeat res Ludicra, si me Palma negata macrum, donata reducat opimum.* But upon other pressing and important reasons, though I am resolved not to be known, yet I intend to give you some account of my self enough to exemipt me from being so pitifull and inconsiderable a fellow, as possibly some *incensed Females* may endeavour to represent me.

I was bred a Scholar, but let none reproach me with it, for I have no more Learning left than what may become a well-bred Gentleman. I have had the opportunity (if not the advantage) of seeing all *France* and *Italy* very particularly, *Germany* and the *Spanish Netherlands en passant*. I have walkt a Corant in the hands of *Monsieur Provosts* the French Kings Dancing Master, and several times pusht at the *Plastron* of *Monsieur Filboy le vieux*. Now I hope these qualities joyn'd with a white Peruke are sufficient to place any person *hors de la portee* out of the reach of contempt.

At my return from *France*, I was advised by my Friends to settle my self in the world, that is to marry; when I went first amongst the Ladies upon that account, I found them very *obliging*, and as I thought *coming*. I wondred mightily what might be the reason could make me so acceptable, but afterwards found twas the *sent* of *France* which was then *strong* upon me, for according as that *perfume* decayed my Mistresses grew colder and colder.

But

But that which precipitated me into ruine, was this following Accident. Being once in the Company of some Ladies amongst other discourses we fell upon the comparison betwixt the French and English Nation: And here it was that I very imprudently maintained even against my Mistress, *That a French Lacquey was not so good as an English Gentleman*. The Scene was immediately chang'd, they all lookt upon me with anger and disdain, they said I was unworthy of that little breeding I had acquired, of that small parcel of wit (for they would not have me esteemed a meer fool, because I had been so often in their Company) which nature had bestowed upon me, since I made so ill use of it as to maintain such Paradoxes. My Mistress for ever forbids me the House, and the next day sends me my Letters, and demands her own, *bidding me pick up a Wife at the Plow-tail, for 'twas impossible any woman welbred would ever cast her eyes upon me*.

I thought this disgrace would have brought me to my grave, it impaired my health, robb'd me of my good humour. I retired from all Company as well of men, as of women and have liv'd a Solitary melancholy life, and continued a Batchelour to this day.

I repented heartily, that at my return from my travels I did not put my self into a *Livery*; and in that habit go and seek Entertainment at some great mans house; for 'twas impossible but good must have arriv'd to me from so doing. 'Twas a *la mode* to have French Servants, and no person of Quality but esteemed it a disgrace if he had not two or three of that Nation in his Retinue: so that I had no reason to fear but that I should soon find a *Condition*.

After I had insinuated my self into one of these houses, I had just reason to expect (if I could have concealed my self from being an English man) that some young Lady with a great Portion should run away with me, and then I had been made for ever. But if I had followed bad courses, and robb'd upon the high-way, as the Subject of this History did, I might have expected the same civilities in prison, the same intercessions for my life; and if those had not prevail'd, the same glorious death, lying in State in *Tangier Tavern*, and being embalm'd in the Ladies tears. And who is there worthy the name of man, that would not prefer such a death before a mean solitary and inglorious life?

I design but two things in the writing this book, one is that the next French man that is hang'd, may not cause an uproar in this Imperial City, which I doubt not but I have effected.

The

✱ The other is much a harder task, to set my Country men on even terms with the *French* as to the *English Ladies* affections: If I should bring this about, I should esteem my self to have contributed much to the good of this Kingdom.

One Remedy there is which possibly may conduce something towards it.

I have heard that there is a new invention of transfusing the blood of one Animal into another, and that it has been experimented by putting the blood of a sheep into an English man. I am against that way of experiments, for should we make all English men *sheep*, we should soon be a prey to the *Lowe*.

I think I can propose the making that experiment a more advantageous way. I would have all Gentlemen who have been a full year, or more, out of *France*, be let blood weekly, or oftner if they can bear it; mark how much they bleed, transfuse so much *French Lacqueys* blood into them, Replenish these last out of the English footmen, for 'tis no matter what becomes of them. Repeat this Operation *Toties Quoties*, and in process of time you'll find this Event. Either the *English Gentlemen* will be as much belov'd as the *French Lacqueys*, or the *French Lacqueys* as little esteemed as the *English Gentlemen*.

But to conclude my Apology, I have certainly great reason to conceal my name, for if I suffer'd so severely for only speaking one word in a private Company, what punishment will be great enough for a *Relaps'd Heretick* publishing a book to the same purpose? I must certainly do as that *Irish Gentleman*, that let a scape in the presence of his Mistress, run my Country, shave my head, and bury my self in a Monastery, if there be any charitable enough to harbour a person guilty of such heinous Crimes.

FINIS,